THE EMERALD.

SEMPER REFULGET.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE EMERALD.

THE WANDERER,

No. XLII.

"Ephraim feedeth on wind."

So do many others at this day. When I stroll abroad and see the motley groupe of characters, that croud every street, I almost believe in transmigration of souls, and think EPHRAIM revives in modern Israel.

When I see a man sacrifice every thing to politics, devote long days and sleepless nights to the whims of the times, pant in pursuit of phantoms, faint as he finds them air, the passage recurs in full force: "*Ephraim feedeth on wind.*" I shrink within myself, on reflecting, how soon *what he depends on for support will blow him away.*

When I meet one, whom nature has denied wings to enable him to soar to the height of the butterfly, with hat under his arm, and stick in hand, rings on each finger, spectacles on nose, and saved only by powder from being *light-headed*, I do not wait for the appearance of a lady to convince me, that he *feeds* on nothing. "Less than nothing, and vanity," he can live by mere *taste* of *air*. A Cameleon, that would change color, but from want of shame.

Mark yon wretch, that trembles on the verge of eternity. The cadaverous complexion of death begins to overspread his countenance. Though rich as Crœsus, not a subject of that monarch, whose life was not luxury and extravagance to his. Sordidly affluent, his soul could never have preferred loss to unjust gain. The light of heaven he would barter for another shilling, and think it a bargain. He would not indeed sell "his birthright for a mess of pottage;" for he would not allow himself the luxury. "*Ephraim feedeth on wind!*" In company, a torpedo, that would chill! Every thing is cold, cold as his subterranean treasure.

I met a bard the other day, as I turned one of the corners. His hair, from want of comb or a string, "streamed" indeed "like a meteor to the troubled air." His eyes were sunk deep in his head, as if they would retreat from nature, that he might look through it more distinctly in remote perspective. The haggardness of his appearance bespoke the meagreness of his diet. "Praise," said a maniac bard, "is the only manna we poets feed on. We devour it, as if it were angel's food, and vainly think we grow immortal." It might have been said once. But now this cheap food is denied them. The world is dead, *dead in trespasses and sins.* Were the Muse herself to descend, and perch on Parnassus, and sing to a sleeping

creation, she would not be able to gain a moment's attention; to break their slumbers or rouse them from their lethargy. The sigh swelled spontaneous. "*Ephraim*" alas "*feedeth on wind!*"

The lawyer, that lives on hopes of glory, "*feedeth on wind.*" The divine, that expects salvation from faith without works, "*feedeth on wind.*" The doctor, that rides all day without a single patient, has the lankness of EPHRAIM, "*feedeth on wind;*" and on his return home is not a little mortified to find his children cry for other means of subsistance.

Quidnuncs are mere *feeders on wind*, and not very dainty as to the qualities of the air. Novel-readers are among ladies what quidnuncs are among men. They are well known at the circulating library; the owner of which, aware of their hobby, keeps the run of their custom by the quarterly expense of a few, new title-pages.

Men, who live on very substantial food, may yet, in the true spirit of Hosea, *feed on wind.* The Epicure, whose idol is appetite, who bows down to himself, and the meanest part of himself, who looks forward to a *new earth* with rapture, only because he expects new dishes there, who disbelieves in heaven, because he cannot conceive of *happiness* without *eating*; with however keen a relish he devour his viands, like Ephraim, *still feedeth on wind.* His appetite will soon leave him, cloyed into satiety and motionless with gout. He will not be able to take the same pleasure in the choicest, the rustic takes in the most ordinary food. While *the mere animal* is thus growing weaker and weaker, thus *dies daily*, the *man is* already *dead.* The soul has *gone out.* The light of understanding has long since sunk and died away in the socket of sensuality. Verily, *Ephraim feedeth on wind.*

The soldier,

"sudden and quick in quarrel,
"Seeking the bubble, reputation,
"Even in the cannon's mouth,"

and perhaps losing reputation and life both, is *Ephraim feeding on wind.*

The son of Neptune, that passes the street, was once a lover. An officer in the navy, in one of his land cruises he encountered fair AMORET and struck his colors. The captive of love was treated less respectfully than a *prisoner of war.* He scorned to be trifled with and broke his thraldom. He found, he had *fed on wind*; and was then hardly good-natured enough to call it *sweet air.* He no longer sighs *woful ballads to his mistress' eye brow*, but sings again *Te Deums* to the God of victory.

The other is the son of an opulent planter. The same sorceress enthralled him. He thought the enchantment was mutual and was led to hope, Hymen would soon break the charm. The place of residence was agreed. He repaired thither, purchased him a house, fitted it up in the most elegant manner, wrote her his success and according to a supposed promise, anxiously awaited her approach.—But *Ephraim feedeth on wind*; she complained of his impertinence, and there ended their loves.

I could multiply instances, but should soon get to be an instance myself. Did I write much more, and still expect to be read, the hope would be illusive and the last smile of the reader would be at the expense of The Wanderer, "*Ephraim feedeth on wind.*" K.

For the Emerald.

DIALOGUE OF THE DEAD.

Still lives the ruling passion strong in death.
..... POPE.

ADVERTISEMENT.

LUCIAN, among the antients, and among the moderns, FENELON *and* LORD LYTTLETON, *have written* dialogues of the dead; *but no one perhaps, either for the purpose of satire, or the advancement of morality, ever wrote such a dialogue until the real decease of his* Dramatis Personæ.

It is not impossible that the soul, shrouded in a dirty habiliment, *as she is, should so far forget her real importance, as to fix her affections on an unworthy object, subvert the design of her intelligent faculties, and consequently be* dead *to every duty of social life,* dead *to every principle of honor and honesty, and in a word,* dead *to every purpose of her creation.*

Is not the Miser so absorbed in his golden ideas of increasing wealth, as to be utterly dead *to the cry of justice and humanity? And to the proud victor, whose heart is inflated with ambition, and whose steps are marked in blood, does not the voice of innocence and mercy supplicate in vain?*

But that a Dialogue of the Dead, *written before the parties had quitted their* worldly *existence, should appear a solecism, is a matter which we shall not at present determine.*

It may, however, be alledged in favor of it, that the purpose of satire is accomplished with (at least) equal success. The culprit being in a measure dead *to a principle of honesty, it is possible that he might be* quickened *by the lash of the Satirist, as the rod of correction sometimes reclaims* naughty boys.

MERCURY & MR. P—

Mr. P. Is it impossible, then, for me to cross this river?

Mercury. Why dost thou repeat this question, have I not told thee a thousand times? Here must thou tarry for thine iniquities, and such is the command of fate. Hast thou not violated the precepts of virtue and morality, hast thou not worshipped gold as thy god, and to fill up the measure of thy guilt, hast thou not raised thy sacrilegious hand against thine own person? Know therefore, that as long as thy vile carcase shall remain unburied, and continue to taint the air with its *corruptions*, so long must thou wander a vagabond ghost upon these solitary shores.

Mr. P. But Mercury, couldst thou not contrive some conveyance to ferry me to the other side? I feel anxious to know my final doom; whether the enjoyment of perfect happiness in the gardens of the blessed, or the torments of those sulphureous flames which I see yonder in curling volumes mounting *toward heaven*, is to be my *eternal* abode.

Mercury. So Mr. P. you think more of *eternity* now, than you did in the other world.

Mr. P. These Stygian glooms affright me. What will become of my poor soul? Certainty in my distressed situation, is surely more eligible than this horrid suspense; and I cannot but think, that if thou wert to form a canoe, and ferry souls over *in the night*, it would *pay* thee well for thy trouble: thou mightest *drive* a considerable *trade* (as well as an *advantageous* one,) by transporting such *hell-doomed miscreants* as I, into the Elysian fields, I think honestly, it would *pay* thee well, Mercury.

Mercury. A pretty trade truly!—to smuggle souls into Elysium! Well mayst thou tremble at thy approaching calamity. Minos is a stern judge, the terror of his countenance will sink horror into thy guilty soul.

Mr. P. At that awful period, when I am to appear before him, dost thou not imagine that an *offer* of a *good sum of money* would influence him in my favor?

Mercury. Minos receiveth no bribes; the gods consider the riches of your world as dross and vanity. They are not like your miserly soul, who mistook that to be happiness, which is only a mean of enjoying life.

Mr. P. Would it not have an *appearance* of generosity?

Mercury. Think not to deceive the *gods* by appearances; hast thou yet the temerity to entertain an idea of *imposing* upon the *Immortals*? Is not dissimulation its own destroyer? What didst thou ever accomplish with it, which

afforded thee satisfaction in thy thinking moments?

Mr. P. Have not I by the *appearance* of sanctity and honesty obtained a *good report* among men? By throwing a dark veil of hypocrisy over my real intentions, have I not been seen among the number of the *select*, and in public offices and employments? where by the bye, I never forgot my governing principle of *gain*, to which add my characters of a committee man, a referee, a merchant, a broker, an insurer, an *executor* and——

Mercury. Stop, stop, do tell me something about your *executorship*. I attended a venerable widow to the Elysian fields about two or three years ago, when she saw your character in its true colors. She told me with regret that she had appointed you to divide her estate among the friends she left behind; since this, a number of reports have circulated *here* not much to your advantage: I should like to know the truth from your own mouth.

Mr. P. I acknowledge there was a *little* finesse *there*—nay I will go further, you may believe me Mercury—there were some masterly strokes of *policy* displayed in the *manœuvring* of all that business. I defy Machiavel with Mammon at one elbow, and your honor at the other, to have executed *that affair* with half the secresy, circumspection, hypocrisy and sound judgment that I did. You say she told you with regret that I was appointed *executor*—poor lady!—it seems her eyes were never opened, till they were closed forever!—and yet she lived to be very old.

Mercury. That I had not the pleasure to introduce her to Elysium many years sooner, is not, I suppose *your* fault. Had she her senses when she dictated that will to you, or did she dictate it at all?

Mr. P. Why do you ask me that question?

Mercury. Did not people stare to find your name *twice* mentioned in the *same* will? with so considerable a sum *along side of* it, each time? but old people are apt to be forgetful—perhaps she ordered you the *second* sum inadvertently—or through mistake!

Mr. P. Ah! Mr. Mercury you are pleased to be a little ironical—I always heard you was a witty fellow—but you must consider that I was not only her neighbor, but her very good friend. I advised with her in all her worldly concerns—besides doing *divers little acts of kindness* for her from time to time, and never failed to set a full value upon them, by *jogging her memory*, as they say, when I made her will—and you see, she was very noble and generous to me in the end, leaving me one legacy in compensation for my *former* services, and the time and trouble which I *might* or *should* be at, in paying off her bequeathments—and the other for—in consideration of our friendship—our old acquaintance—*and all that!*

Mercury. A very plausible story!—and pray how long did it take you to pay off the legacies? tell me the *truth*; for I perceive by the abominable *lies* that you have told me, that you *was* a very *shuffling fellow*.

Mr. P. *Shuffling fellow*, Sir, what do you mean by that? I'd have you to know, Sir, that I am not used to such language. When I was alive, Sir, I maintained the *character* of an honest man, though a little hard in my dealings and sometimes too close.

Mercury. Put on no airs here sirrah! or with one touch of this wand——

Mr. P. I beg your pardon Mr. Mercury, I was indeed too hasty—but I own to you that if my conduct was reprehensible, I was ignorant of it; I was confident I was *making money*, and why should I investigate the difference between right and wrong. I acted *uniformly consistent*. I made it a *rule* with all the legatees that if they would give me a receipt for £500 when I paid them but £400 I was ready to settle with them. Some, whose *necessity* countervailed their *conscience* were ready to——

Mercury. Say rather, some whose mean opinion of thy honesty compelled them to put up with a loss.

Mr. P. Have it as you will—Yet Sir, there were others, (which circumstance I recollect with pleasure) whose redundancy of conscience scrupled signing to a lie, by which lucky method I kept them out of the money all my life time—to my great emolument; for I lodged these monies in the bank, where the interest is drawn *monthly*, and this interest added to the principal twelve times in a year, I received compound interest so many times—the money grew like a *snow-ball* rolled down

hill. Oh! that I could return to that *dear world*, and live to an antidiluvian age—what a *fortune* could I acquire!

Mercury. I am astonished at the depravity of the human race!—don't you think you was a diabolical rascal?

Mr. P. I offered *terms* to them—they had their choice and was *I* to blame, Mr. Mercury?

Mercury. The fowler spreads his net; the bird is taken of his own accord; but is the fowler less treacherous, Mr. P.?—You have evaded my question, how long was the estate in your hands?

Mr. P. Ever since you conducted the soul of the widow to its happy abode, and that is two or three years ago—and to divide her estate among *so many* legatees has taken me *much longer than you would think for*, owing to *their* obstinacy *entirely*—Why Sir, *they* would not settle, because I demanded a discount of *only* twenty five per cent for prompt payment.

Mercury. Cease thy impertinence thou lying scoundrel—to demand a *discount* of five and twenty per *cent* for *prompt payment*, two or three years *after* the money *became due!*—What punishment must the righteous Judge award thee! Happy for the country that bore thee, that Jupiter shed over thy mind the seeds of knowledge with a sparing hand—for surely the gods, foreknowing thy evil destiny, contracted thy intelligent powers to the sphere thou wert ordained to move in. Else had thy power and unrelenting cruelty sacrificed that country at the shrine of thy rapacious avarice.—Why hadst thou not the honesty to pay off the legacies agreeably to the will?

Mr. P. As to *the matter of that*—thou art certainly sufficiently acquainted with *law*, to know that I had *no right* to pay them under twelve months at least.

Mercury. I thought you hinted just now, that this estate was in your hands, till the *day of your death*. How in the name of wonder can that be?

Mr. P. A *fair* purchase! Sir, a fair purchase! You must know that the estate you refer to, is contiguous to my own, and so very *handy* that I had long determined to possess it; and when it fell into my hands, I made a *sham* vendue (as the *law* requires) and bought it myself for £750.

Mercury. Is it true that the directors of the bank offered you £1500. for your bargain—you say nothing of that.—

Mr. P. Why—I cannot say but *it is*, yet I knew it to be worth *much more*, and therefore refused it.

Mercury. Where was your conscience, Mr. P.?

Mr. P. Conscience, Mr. Mercury! do you talk to me of *that!* where was *your* conscience when you stole king Admetus's cows, or what is *worse*, when you took Vulcan's tools, which were of *no value!*—When you stole Jupiter's sceptre, which I suppose was very *costly*, *then* you had a great temptation—If I had had the same opportunity I don't know but——

Mercury. You forget where you are. I perceive that you are as *ignorant* as you was *parsimonious;* but admitting these to be some of the follies of my youth, did I not invent *commerce*, *weights and measures*—was I not famous for making *peace*, and a long train of *virtues*, for which you give me no credit, and for which I am enrolled among the number of the gods? But as to thee, *miserable wretch!* what good action didst thou ever perform? on the contrary, hast thou not ground the faces of the poor, practised every species of injustice, and spurned the supplicating child of adversity from thy door with contempt? and should the all-just Minos spurn thee from the footstool of the throne of mercy, would it not appear an equal punishment, for the conduct thou hast shewn toward thy fellow men?—You resemble *Battus*, the herdsman, to whom I entrusted the cattle I had stolen, but of whose falshood and perfidy I revenged myself by turning him into a stone called *Index*. You, like *Battus*, deserve to be metamorphosed to an Index, a *Stone held up to the view of mankind to point* out *the extent of human depravity.*

Mr. P. But Mercury thou wast not only worshipped as the god of oratory, but as the god of rogues, of gain, and of cheating also, and therefore thou oughtest to be a little more merciful toward me, who have been in the same tract all the days of my life.

Mercury. Hast thou practised my virtues too?

Mr. P. It is impossible to attain to *every* human *perfection:* the life of man is so short——

Mercury. Why didst thou not chuse to copy virtue *then*, whose reward would have been lasting and real, instead of foolishly pursuing a phantom, whose pleasure is transitory and imaginary, but whose end is certain misery, and which has at length caused you shamefully to *die by your own hand?*

Mr. P. I acknowledge your last words to contain the sting of truth—but where lies the *sin* I have been so *guilty* of.—The gods you said have given to men *riches*, as a mean of happiness—I endeavored to attain *those means*, which the gods allow, and I have acquired them——

Mercury. Without regarding the *steps* you took in *pursuit* of them. Mr. P. *there* lies the crime. You sacrificed the end to the means.

Mr. P. I wish you *could convince* me that my conduct was wrong.

Mercury. By one touch of this rod—*be thou convinced*——— the fellow looks stupified.

Mr. P. O conscience! conscience! how do thy torments rend my soul to pieces!—thy arrows are more piercing than the pointed steel! thy horrors are intolerable! Fain would I headlong rush into the waves of the fiery Phlegethon—— Methinks I could gladly *dive* into the *river of oblivion*—and *quench*, eternally *quench* the soul's immortal *spark*, and *drown* her anguish and her hope forever.....*Exeunt.*

LYSIPPUS.

WEST'S PORTRAIT OF LORD NELSON.

The neatness and fidelity of the subsequent description from Belle's "La Belle Assemblée"; the interest taken in the subject of the painting described; the illustrious character of the painter, all make us eager to give it insertion. Mr. West is admired as an artist and esteemed as a man.—*Laudatus à laudato viro,* is the happy fate of the English Admiral.

THIS celebrated artist, who has so long maintained the first rank of his profession, and whose historical paintings have not only contributed to form the modern English School, but to establish an era in the art through the principal academies of Europe, has at length completed the picture, for which in justice to his well-earned reputation and the eminence which he holds in the art, he stood pledged to the public and his profession.—The pencil which immortalized Wolfe and British valour, on the heights of *Abraham*, could not be expected to do otherwise than commemorate the death of a Nelson, and the most splendid victory which has ever been recorded in the annals of the British navy.

It is a just pride to the nation that we have men amongst us, to whom may safely be confided all the immortality which the arts can bestow upon the splendid actions of our heroes and defenders. A certain French general is said to have lamented, that he lived in an age so barren of literature, that he could not expect even a decent epitaph on his tomb stone as a compensation for all the laurels he had earned.* In the present times there needs no such subject of regret. Poetry perhaps may fail, but the pencil can still perform its task.

The present picture represents the death of Lord Nelson, in the memorable victory obtained over the fleets of France and Spain, off Cape Trafalgar. As this picture will not appear in any exhibition, a description of it may not be unacceptable to the lovers of the art, and the public in general.

The subject of the picture being heroic, the artist has considered it under the head of the Epic. He has kept the attention constantly fixed upon the hero, and made every thing subsidiary to him. The dying Nelson is exhibited lying upon the quarter-deck of the ship, surrounded by his officers. By this groupe he first acts upon and excites the feelings of the spectators. Here is the hero, and, in the language of poetry, his story. The wounded and the dead form the episodes of the piece, and the whole raises a noble climax up to the dying Admiral.

The point of time is the death of the hero, and the victory united.

Lord Nelson lies, with his head falling back, on the breast, and in the arms of his Chaplain. His face and eyes are elevated to Heaven. His countenance expresses a most resigned and noble piety, a dignity, and a consciousness of having done his duty to his king and country. In the countenance of Nelson, the painter has shewn his power

* ALEXANDER *envied* Achilles *the poet, that recorded his glory.....Em. Edi.*

of exhibiting the most difficult and composite passions with the most natural and tempered correctness.

In Nelson there is nothing of affectation; every thing is as simple as was the character of the man; there is a kind of serene and saint-like heroism, the comfort and composure of a dying martyr. This head can never be too much admired; it would be inestimable if considered only as a portrait of the man; for we do not hesitate to pronounce it the best we ever saw.

The position of Lord Nelson on the quarter-deck occupies the middle of the picture; he extends his left hand to Capt. Hardy, who affectionately presses it to his bosom, whilst he announces, from a paper, the victory over the enemy and the number of ships taken. The surgeon and his mates are rendering their assistance, whilst an intrepid sailor spreads the Spanish flag at the feet of the dying Admiral. And an officer enters at the same time with the French flag under his arm, but starts back with marked emotion, upon beholding the situation of his commander.

The picture generally may be said to consist of two distinct groupes. The figures on the left form a groupe of officers attendant on his Lordship; their countenances express a grave and decent sorrow, and are admirably contrasted with the groupe on the right, which consist of sailors flushed with the sounds of victory, but checked by one of the surgeons who beholds the approach of death in the countenance of Nelson.

Between these figures, all of which are powerfully pourtrayed and contrasted, are groupes of sailors carrying the wounded to the cockpit, and others rendering their best tokens of regard to the dead.

One of these smaller groupes we can never too much commend; we mean that of an affectionate demeanor of a faithful servant, over the dead body of his master, Capt. Adair.

At the poop of the ship are stationed the marines and their wounded officers; the signal lieutenant, with his midshipman; and the master of the ship, with his navigating seamen. Under the poop are men stationed at the gun, close to which a lieutenant is killed.

In the retiring parts of the picture, and the perspective, are seen all the rage and fury of a sea fight,—ships on fire, others sinking, or blowing up; of some the masts are falling; others are nearly buried in their own ruins.

Here every thing is terrible and awful; here is sublimity in the fulness of its horrors. The groupes in this picture are composed of nearly eighty figures, and more than fifty of them are portraits of men and officers actually engaged in the battle.

Such is the picture;—of which, independent of its excellence as a work of art, we may truly say, that the circumstances which produced its perfection can never occur again. It is impossible again to collect, in the painting room of the artist, those various groupes of men whose portraits are upon the canvass, and whose individual likenesses were necessary for the fidelity of a composition which aspires to be considered as a work of historical record,—a work of truth, and not of fancy.

We shall not enter into a minute criticism; it will be sufficient to say, that Mr. West, in this picture, has excelled every thing he has hitherto done.

For the Emerald.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS,
AND ORIGINAL REMARKS.

Mr. Emmet, the Irish advocate that has flashed into fame and practice in the city and state of New-York, is brother, we understand, to another of equal eminence that formerly flourished in Ireland, and to Robert Emmet, Esq. the modern Curtius, illustrious for mind and misfortune, who was executed in Dublin for high treason being concerned in the insurrection of the 23d July, 1803. On trial he made no defence; but after verdict, on the clerk's putting to him the common question, which is mere *matter of form*, "What have you to say, why judgment of death and execution should not be pronounced against you

according to law?" he took occasion to make the most eloquent harangue language can boast. It has very beautifully been said to have been "that voice, which spoke almost from the grave; and seemed assimilating to the energy and inspiration of eternal truth." It concludes in the following admirably impressive manner.

"My Lords, you seem impatient for the sacrifice. The blood, for which you thirst, is not congealed by the artificial terrors, which surround your victim; it circulates warmly and unruffled through the channels, which God created for noble purposes, but which you are bent to destroy for purposes so grievous, that they cry to Heaven. —Be yet patient! I have but a few words more to say.—I am going to my cold and silent grave: my lamp of life is nearly extinguished: my race is run: the grave opens to receive me, and I sink into its bosom. —I have but one request, to ask at my departure from this world; it is *the charity of its silence*.—Let no man write my epitaph; for as no man who knows my motives dare *now* vindicate them, let not prejudice or ignorance asperse them.—Let them and me repose in obscurity, and my tomb remain uninscribed, until other times and *other men* can do justice to my character. When my country takes her place among the nations of the earth, *then*, and not till then, let my epitaph be written—— I HAVE DONE!"

We have no hesitation in saying, that if the principles of Greek and Roman eloquence are preserved any where, they are in Ireland. The Roman forum is the Irish bar. Westminster hall never heard eloquence, that can equal the following, nor an orator that can rival CURRAN. The Philipic is against bigotry.

"It is the accursed progeny of servile hypocrisy—of remorseless lust of power—of insatiate thirst of gain, laboring for the destruction of man under the specious pretences of religion—her banners *stolen from the altar of God*, and her allies congregated from the abysses of Hell. She acts by votaries to be restrained by no compunctions of humanity, for they are dead to mercy—to be reclaimed by no voice of reason; for refutation is the bread, on which their folly feeds. They are outlawed alike from their species and their Creator. The object of their crime is social life, and the wages of their sin is social death."

Such a man is not honored by making him Attorney General, and Master of the Rolls. He *honors* the places; and could every place of power and distinction within the gift of government be assigned him, he could fill and make more honorable the immensity of office.

Time, that moulders towering monuments into dust, and obliterates the memory of their existence, only serves to picture to our minds *bad acts* in more horrific forms.—The pleasures of the world may strew flowers over them, but they cannot hide them. Adamant may hold its characters perfect for ages, yet they must wear out at last; but those engraven on the conscience Time does not efface, but with his scythe continually renews, and, at every fresh touch, sinks deeper and deeper—they, as if written there in rubric, with the heart's blood, can only cease to be when that shall flow no more.

The observation of MAUSONIUS, which, the translator of the Abbe D'Olwit has well remarked, may be called the GOLDEN MAXIM, is indeed beautiful. "Allowing the per-

formance of an honorable action to be attended with labor, the labor is soon over, but the honor immortal; whereas, should even pleasure wait on the commission of what is dishonorable, the pleasure is soon gone, but the dishonour eternal."

NAMERTES, the Spartan, being styled by a stranger, The happy, on account of the number of his friends, asked him, "How such, as had many, should know whether they were sincere or pretended?" "He could not tell" was the answer. "Learn then," said Namertes, "BY ADVERSE FORTUNE."

To give physic to a dead body, said DIOGENES and advice to an old man, is the same thing.

TIMON, the Athenian, being asked why he hated all mankind, sullenly answered, "I hate the bad for being so, and the rest for not hating the bad."

The same antient pronounced AVARICE and VANITY the principal elements of all evil.

To expose one's self to great dangers for small matters, said AUGUSTUS, is to fish with a golden hook.

Perhaps the best remark that ever fell from a Cynic is contained in this happy and forcible similitude of DIOGENES. "*Such as have virtue always in their mouths* and *neglect to live agreeably to the standard of it*, are like a *harp, which yields a sound pleasing to others, while itself neither hears nor is sensible of the music.*"

WINE.

A vine bears *three* kind of grapes, said ANACHARSIS; the first of pleasure, the second of drunkenness, the third of repentance.

EPIGRAM.

A VICAR, long ill, who had treasur'd up wealth,
Told his curate, one Sunday, to pray for his health,
Which oft having done, a parishioner said,
That the curate ought rather to wish he were dead.
"For my truth," says the curate "let credit be given,
I ne'er pray'd for his death—*but I have for his living.*"

Dr. BLAIR, somewhere in his lectures, talks of the moral sublime, and quotes the daring speech of the adventurous Cesar, to the timid pilot, tossed by the waves:

"Quid times? Cæsarem vehis."

The following modern instance of the above quality, found in a recent journal, will please the reader:

An old German soldier having lost both his arms in a severe battle, his commanding officer proposed to reward his bravery with a dollar. "You certainly think, captain," exclaimed the veteran, with becoming spirit, "that I have only lost my gloves!"

[*The Calcutta Post.*

With pleasure, we insert the following Charge to an English Grand Jury, delivered by a well meaning magistrate and illustrious law character, about the year 1752. It quaintly conveys the ideas of a good puritan of old time.....Players at the close of the first head, will desire to thank God for the progress of civilization and liberal thought; and belles, who look forward with glad expectation to the approaching balls and assemblies and have already their new dresses prepared, will not think the Judge very *courtly* for his remarks on the last.

WHITELOCK BULSTRODE'S opinion of PLAYS & MASQUERADES, in a speech to the Grand Jury of Middlesex, Eng.

OF PLAY-HOUSES.

'TIS to be wish'd there were none in the kingdom, because of the evil they do to mankind.

These poets, ev'n after they are dead, if their plays survive them, by their vicious plays, help Satan to ruin mankind in this world, and utterly to destroy them in the next. What reckoning, what accompt, will those witty, unthinking poets have to make for these great evils at the dreadful day of judgment! Let them remember the direful woe our Saviour pronounces against them which give offence; that is, occasion mankind to sin.

These plays being *contra bonos Mores*, both the poets and the actors are presentable; the patent they have not warranting them herein; and the king's proclamation for suppressing vice, immorality and prophaneness, being directly against such doings. These plays are a nuisance to the virtuous part of mankind who happen to see them, and sink the vicious deeper in the mire of destruction.

My next head is, touching Masquerades and Balls.

Had masquerades, alias balls, been in use at the time of the apostles, it would have been impossiale christianity could have any success; could have gained any ground, where those had been practised. One masquerade or ball would have carried off more christians from the christian faith, and the purity of a christian life, than the raising ten men from the dead would have kept in it.

VERSES WRITTEN ON A LADY'S FAN.

FLAVIA the least and slightest toy
Can with resistless art employ:
This *Fan*, in meaner hands, would prove
An engine of small force in love:
Yet she with graceful air and mien
(Not to be told, or safely seen!)
Directs its wanton motions so,
That it wounds more than *Cupid's* bow.
Gives coolness to the matchless dame,
To every other breast—a flame.

MR. EDITOR,

From the difficulty of condensi the meaning of the Latin epigra in your last, within the same nu ber of lines in English Hexamet there will not be found much poet in the following, but the sense the original is, I believe, fairly p served.

TRANSLATION
Of the Latin Epigram in our last.

THE MOON IS A FEMALE.

The moon blushes, looks pale, gro
big, by night walks
And wanders; these does each
male, they say.
Horns does the moon make; these a
makes woman;
That once a month changes, but t
every day.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DELIA will not think us *ungallant* not receiving her with *open arm* Communications may seem insigni cant to her, which to others are respe table. Our cabinet is proud of ma of the "*rings*," which contain su "*posies*." The same hand, under different signature, has furnished columns with diamonds of the first *ter and weight*. There are paths enou to Parnassus. Those, who climb, ne not quarrel for room. Delia is wild *Diana* and *winds the horn of the huntre* We apply to her the lines of SHE STONE.

"*O Peace, to yonder clarion go,*
That drowns the Muses' lyre!"

We invite R** to continue his tran lations from the Greek. One of h versions of MELEAGER we have of la diligently compared with another the same production, published so time since in a work of literary me and without hesitation, pronounce decidedly superior. "*Perge quo cæpisti*

Would CASTIGATOR but attend his precepts, Horace, though dea would yet speak in his own word "Fungar vice cotis." His commun cation should be well *set* to give it *edg* We are pleased with his *thoughts*. Th blade has *good stuff*; but it wants *whe ting*.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Emerald.

There is much beauty and felicity of expression in the subsequent ode. The classical reader will recognise a happy imitation from the Greek of a Hymn to Health by ARIPHRON of Sicyonia, and the English reader may find a literal, prosaic translation from the pen of Dr. Johnson in his 88th Rambler. POLLIO does indeed dilate; but he does not weaken the force of the original bard, soaring on the pinions of gratitude in the "heaven of invention,"

"Lætumque choro *Pæana* canentem."

ODE TO HEALTH.

AUSPICIOUS Health! celestial power
Shield with thy wings my anxious head,
And, thro' my life's precarious hour,
Adorn with smiles my humble shed.

Sweet'ner of sublunary joy,
Companion, friendly, free and bland;
Ere flowers of pleasure droop and die,
Uncherish'd by thy fostering hand!

Whatever towns, or courts assume,
Whatever riches may bestow;
Ambition's party-colour'd plume,
Or the long train of pomp and show:

Whate'er in nature's landscape round,
Sublimely spreads before the view,
Whate'er of beautiful is found
In verdant fields or mountain blue:

Without thy influence, heav'n-born maid,
Lost are the joys which these supply,
And faithful Friendship's liberal aid,
And the bright blaze of Beauty's eye!

Does it, Wit, to thee belong,
To laugh our evils into ease!
Can the poet's tuneful tongue
Retain, alas, the power to please!

Fame, with soft enchantment's skill,
The blush of rosy health maintain?
Luxury the task fulfil,
To extirpate the sting of pain?

Weak is manly Pity's hand
Sick from sorrow's couch to raise?
Inefficient Pride's command?
Vain the silver tongue of praise?

Tho' pleasure may amuse awhile;
Altho' in Fortune's lap carest,
O Health, without thy cheering smile,
No human heart was ever blest!

POLLIO.

SELECTED FOR THE EMERALD.

[We are obliged to our correspondent for his exertion of industry and judgment in the following selection. Though the element of the muses is indeed the æther of fancy, yet they sometimes deign to light within the atmosphere of reason and of fact. Metaphysical poetry is not unpleasing. The quaintness of Dr. DONNE's metrical point excites the frequent smile, and the ethics of POPE have both rhyme and reason. The classic eye cannot be always in "*fine frenzy rolling*" but delights sometimes to relieve itself on these mingled productions. The reader, that would keep the interest unbroken, is referred to our fifteenth number for the introduction to a poem of such "great pith and moment."]

KNOW YOURSELF.

NOT happy, but amus'd upon the road,
And (like you) thoughtless of his last abode,
Whether next sun his being shall restrain,
To endless nothing, happiness or pain.
Around me, lo, the thinking, thoughtless crew
Bewilder'd each their different paths pursue;
Of them I ask the way; the first replies,
"Thou art a God;" and sends me to the skies.
"Down on this turf" (the next) "thou two-legg'd beast, [rest."
"There fix thy lot, thy bliss, and endless
Between those wide extremes the length is such,
I find I know too little or too much.
"Almighty Pow'r, by whose most wise command,
Helpless, forlorn, uncertain here I stand;
Take this faint glimmering of thyself away,
Or break into my soul with perfect day!"
This said, expanded lay the sacred text,

The balm, the light, the guide of souls perplext:
Thus the benighted traveller that strays
Through doubtful paths, enjoys the morning rays;
The nightly mist, and thick descending dew, [blue.
Parting, unfold the fields and vaulted
"O truth divine! enlightened by thy ray,
I grope and guess no more, but see my way;
Thou clear'dst the secret of my high descent, [meant;
And told'st me what those mystic tokens
Marks of my birth, which I had worn in vain,
Too hard for worldly sages to explain;
Zeno's were vain, vain Epicurus' schemes
Their systems false, delusive were their dreams;
Unskill'd my two-fold nature to divide,
One nurs'd my pleasure, and one nurs'd my pride;
Those jarring truths which human art beguile, [cile.
Thy sacred page thus bade me recon-
Offspring of God, no less thy pedigree,
What thou once wert, and now, and still mayst be,
Thy God alone can tell, alone decree;
Faultless thou dropt from his unerring skill, [will:
With the bare pow'r to sin, since free of
Yet charge not with thy guilt, his bounteous love,
For who has power to walk, has power to rove;
Who acts by force impell'd, can nought deserve; [swerve.
And wisdom, short of infinite, may
Borne on thy new imp'd wings, thou took'st thy flight,
Left thy Creator, & the realms of light;
Disdain'd his gentle precept to fulfil;
And thought to grow a god by doing ill:
Though by foul guilt thy heav'nly form defac'd, [chac'd,
In nature chang'd, from happy mansions
Thou still retain'st some sparks of heav'nly fire,
Too faint to mount, yet restless to aspire;
Angel enough to seek thy bliss again,
And brute enough to make the search in vain.
The creatures now withdraw their kindly use,
Some fly thee, some torment, and some seduce;
Repast ill suited to such diff'rent guests,
For what thy sense desires, thy soul distastes;
Thy lust, thy curiosity, thy pride,
Curb'd, or defer'd, or balk'd, or gratify'd,
Rage on, and make thee equally unbless'd, [hast possest;
In what thou want'st, and what thou
In vain thou hop'st for bliss on this poor clod, [God:
Return, and seek thy father, and thy
Yet think not to regain thy native sky,
Born on the wings of vain philosophy;
Mysterious passage! hid from human eyes; [rise:
Soaring you'll sink, and sinking you will
Let humble thoughts thy wary footsteps guide, [pride
Regain by *meekness* what you lost by

[It appears by the following lines, that the talent of poetry is hereditary in the family of Burns.]

SONG

Written by a son of the poet Burns, at the age of 15 years.

Hae ye seen, in a fresh dewy morning
The wild warbling red-breast sa
clear? [an
Or the low-dwelling, snow brested gow
Surcharged wi' mild ev'ning's so
tear?

Oh! then ye have seen my sweet lassie
The lassie I loe best of a';
But oh! from the hame of my lassie,
I'm many a long mile awa'.

Her hair is the wing of the blackbird,
Her eye is the eye of the dove,
Her lips are the mild-blushing rose-bu
Her bosom's the palace of love;

Alas! when I sit down to study,
I now can do nothing at a';
My book I indeed keep my eyes on—
My thoughts are wi' her that's awa

Oh love! thou'rt a dear fleeting pleasu
The sweetest we mortals here know
Ah! soon is thy heav'n, brightly gleam
ing,
O'ercast wi' the dark clouds of wo

Thus the moon, on the oft-changi
ocean,
Delights the wan sailor's glad eye,
When red rush the storms of the ocea
And the wild waves, dark, tumble
high.

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